

TEXT 2

Read the following text about a girl who took a summer job and choose the correct answer (a, b or c) according to the text. *Item 0* is an example. Do not forget to write your answers in the white boxes on the right. (3.2 marks: 0.4 each)

WHAT MY SUMMER JOB TAUGHT ME

It was the summer after my first year of university, and I was back in uniform for the first time since school. The blue baseball cap and polo shirt combination was not glamorous, and I hated wearing my hair up, but the ice-cream parlour in the Snowdonian village of my childhood was hiring, and I needed the work.

These sorts of summer jobs are on the decline among young people with technology at their disposal, but I didn't have the option to become an influencer or an internet millionaire. Back home, everyone I knew worked a summer job, but my distinctly posher university friends were off on adventures: backpacking around South America, repairing to their families' houses in the south of France, *Interrailing*. I had already wasted a substantial wodge of cash on a quixotic attempt at a law degree that had me begging fervently to transfer courses before the tedium of property law actually killed me. Back in the village I had worked so hard to leave, I was doubting whether I could afford university at all.

The ice-cream parlour was a fairly new addition to the high street, but in a village with a thriving summer tourist economy it seemed like a good bet. Other friends were stacking shelves at Tesco or doing gruelling kitchen shifts, while the parlour was a friendly family business adored by my ice-cream-loving autistic brother, who would pop in with my mum before his walk around the lake. They treated their staff with kindness and we responded with enthusiasm and respect. Furthermore, they were happy for us to try out the ice-cream, which was homemade. I can still recall the creamy mascarpone-infused strawberry cheesecake; the richness of the dark, milkless chocolate. Access to the counter's rainbow array of flavours would have been the fulfilment of any child's dream.

What the family hadn't banked on was the summer being one of the wettest any of us could remember. Sheets of torrential rain swept the high street, and even the most foolhardy of amateur climbers took one look at Snowdon and packed off home. Occasionally a family of tourists in kagoules would drift in reeling from the deluge, but for long periods of time the shop was empty. This must have been extremely worrying for the owners, whose business was fairly new, but what it meant for me was silence and solitude. Hours of it, sometimes.

In hindsight, I was depressed. Not because of the job, which gave me some structure and routine, but because of life events. I had dropped out of my course, had no money, and had had a bad breakup. London felt lonely and expensive, infested by privilege. Despite being in a sort of despairing fugue state, I spent my days serving up, with a smile, marshmallow pink ice-cream to children.

"I don't know why you'd want to live in London," my boss said, after which I merely glanced pointedly to the biblical gale twisting its way down the high street. A boy I had known since primary school slouched past and we shared a fag on the pavement outside. "I have to get out of here before I become someone's dad," he told me, taking rapid puffs. I knew what he meant, all the girls I knew at school were already pushing prams. The fissure between those who leave and those who stay had already opened, and I had not yet picked a side. I had entered the adult world without a backwards glance but here I was again, immersed in childhood.

What did I learn? That a boss who allows you to read in the quiet moments is invaluable. I made my way through my new course list: Calvino, Pirandello. I read the classics my mother had left in my room two years before as a gentle nudge that law might not have been the right choice: Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Mansfield Park, scoops of Ulysses. But before too long I had jettisoned them all for children's literature.

It would be the last summer I went home for the vacation. I dropped in there not long ago. There was some other teenager behind the counter. I asked for dark chocolate, and my friend chose bubblegum, and I teased her for choosing like a kid would. We walked around the rim of the lake and talked about who was dead and who was in prison and who had had another baby, as we always do. I wanted to tell her that I regretted leaving so abruptly, that she would always be like family to me. But it felt mawkish, so I made another joke about her cone. She stuck her tongue out at me in response. It was bright blue.



0. The writer took a summer job

- a. after finishing her degree.
- b. in which wearing a bun was mandatory.
- c. **like all her hometown acquaintances.**

Ⓐ
C
✓

1. The writer returned home for the summer, because she

- a. could not afford certain self-indulgences.
- b. felt the urge to return to her origins
- c. was considering dropping out of university.

①

2. The ice-cream shop was

- a. a bizarre building in the town centre.
- b. a more appealing option than other jobs.
- c. originally run by some of her relatives.

②

3. The writer's managers at the ice-cream parlour

- a. allowed her to treat herself to ice-cream.
- b. delighted in her sibling's visits.paid her partially in kind.
- c. paid her partially in kind.

③

4. That summer, the ice-cream parlour

- a. got its owners into debt.
- b. provided the writer with more stillness than expected.
- c. was frequently jam-packed with tourists.

④

5. By selling ice-cream, the writer

- a. avoided thinking about her life in London.
- b. felt gloomy because of the weather.
- c. had some kind of daily duty.

⑤

6. After chatting with an old schoolmate, the writer

- a. changed her mind about the idyllic country life.
- b. realised she would rather not have entered adulthood.
- c. was aware she had to make a decision about her future.

⑥

7. That summer, the writer

- a. admitted she had chosen the wrong degree.
- b. felt grateful to have a considerate employer.
- c. spent her leisure time reading classic literature.

⑦

8. The last time the writer visited her town, she

- a. caught up with an old friend.
- b. felt nostalgic about her summer job.
- c. got her friend cross by pulling her leg.

⑧



KEY

COMPRENSIÓN DE TEXTOS ESCRITOS

C1

MAYO 2022

TEXT 1: ALCATRAZ (4 marks: 0.4 each)

	ANSWERS
0	GRIMLY
1	FORTRESS
2	CONVICTS
3	BATCH
4	WARDEN
5	EACH
6	AFTER
7	REARED
8	SWEPT
9	ATTORNEY
10	CLAIMED

TEXT 2: WHAT MY SUMMER JOB TAUGHT ME (3.2 marks: 0.4 each)

	ANSWERS
0	C
1	A
2	B
3	A
4	B
5	C
6	C
7	B
8	A

TEXT 3: A PECULIARLY DUTCH SUMMER RITE (2.8 marks: 0.4 each)

	ANSWERS
0	H
1	D
2	C
3	J
4	K
5	E
6	B
7	I